The Jewel of the Hylia ( Part I )

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Summary: Zelda's boring friend may not be just as boring as she

thought >:P

## The Jewel of the Hylia ( Part I )

- "Slow down! I cant run that fast!", Milla whined running up the rickety old staircase after her friend. She plopped down on a step to catch her breath whining to herself about having to climb all these stairs.
- > <br> "Milla? Milla?! are ya down there? what're you doing? c'mon!"
  a girl's voice called. It was Zelda's voice. She looked down the side
  of the rail and found her friend a few flights down resting.
- > <br> "What are you doing there?!" She Yelled down to then ran back
  down the stairs.
- > <br> "just....resting"
- > <br> "It's just a little further, C'MON!" She grabbed her hand and dragged her up the stairs like a small child. She stop at the top of the tower staircase at a locked door. Inside was a small dark storage room.
- > <br> "What's so special?"
- > <br/> "Wait here, I'll go get it" Zelda said grinning and running to the back of the room to get something. Milla tryed to see what she was doing but could only see her moving around in the shadows. Zelda opened up a chest and pulled out a small jewel covered box, and quickly brought it over to milla, snickering under her breath.
- > <br> "what is it?"
- > <br> "Just open it....hehe" Zelda held the box up close to Milla's face for her to open it.
- > After opening it milla screamed and jumped back, toppling over and landing on her back. Out of the box popped a small green grass snake.<br/>
  snake.<br>
- > "what the?....wha.....WHAT THE HELLS WRONG WITH YOU?!!" Milla screamed "YOU KNOW I HATE SNAKES!" < br>
- > Zelda Reached down to grab the snake, holding her stomach which hurt from her laughing so hard. She placed the snake back in it's container and walked back downstairs to her room to return it, followed by an angered and shaking milla.<br/>

- > She placed it back up on a high shelf, and made a mental note to send for a new snake cage to be sent from the goldsmith's hut in the castle town market place. By the time she got to her room, the laughter had resided. She'd only felt a minimal pang of guilt, but at the same time was confused at her companion's violent reaction. She thought the snake to be lovely. A bright peridot green and shiny scaled. Despite the princesses noble upbringings at heart she was a tomboy. She might've taken advantage to her friends phobia for her own amusement, but in truth she wasn't all that impressed with the young girl who claimed to be her dearest friend. <br> > Milla was 13, a year older than Zelda and of distant relation to the royal family of Hyrule. Her parents a count and countess, even though her mother had some sheikan blood. Zelda had little doubt Milla was under pressure to grow closer to herself, the daughter of the most powerful man in Hyrule. Anyway, Milla was a boring dull girl, no different from all the other tea-sipping little girls in the castle that bored zelda so. She sighed to herself, perhaps it was cold of her to toss aside the girl's earnest affections so casually .....but it was true. The young princess was lonely, despite the ladies in waiting, the phonies ready to pucker up to her backside at a moments notice, and for it she felt very isolated and lonely. <br/> <br/> tr>
- > Milla had calmed down from her girlish fright and found her voice again "Zel, im sorry i yelled at'cha" <br/>
- > "don't call me Zel"<br>
- > "I'm sorry Zel.....Zelda. Wanna go play?"<br>
- > "Play what"<br>
- > "I know! We could have a tea party! I just got some new porcelain
  dolls and...."<br/>
- > Zelda sighed dourly, and turned her back away from the eager girl. "I'm tired from climbing all those stairs, im gonna go rest." Milla looked to the ground sadly for failing to impress the young royal.<br/>
  croyal.
- > "As you wish." Zelda smiled in relief to be rid of the witless girl, but her triumph was brief as she heard a heavy footfall approach. <br>
- > "Zelda?"<br>
- > "oh what is it now?- .....oh impa, im sorry. What is it?"<br>>
- > "Your father summons you, please come with me your highness" <br >
- > Zelda made a worried frown, not being sure what she was being called for. It was very unusual for her father to summon her, unless it was something important."<br/>
- > Two Guards were in the hallway eating doughnuts and loafing around when they saw two figures coming<br/>
  oming<br/>
  tr>
- > "im on my break. you stop em"<br>>
- > "im on mah break too, s'your turn"<br>
- > "MAKE M-....ahhhh it's to hot"<br>
- > <br> "Yes, father?"
- > <br> The King, engrossed in a set of scrolls, looked up startled to see his daughter.
- > <br/>'Ah" he said, placing the scrolls neatly on the desk "so you're here, leave us Impa" She bowed deeply and exited the room. The king, satisfied with being alone, took his daughter's hand and lead her over to the other side of the desk and smiled.
- > <br> "so, how's my favorite little daughter?"

- > <br> "I'm your only daughter, daddy" The king's smile dimmed into a
  more serious expression.
- > <br> "What's the matter my precious?"
- > <br>
- > Zelda sighed and stepped back a little. She knew if she spoke the
  truth, or made any sign of complaint, this would upset her father.
  The inevitable result of which was, of course, a lecture on how
  privileged she was and thus how she should never be unhappy.<br>> "Nothing's wrong daddy" Zelda lied "Im just fine" The king duped by
  the show and mumbled incoherently staring off into space as if she
  wasn't even there.<br>>
- > "Daddy?"<br>
- > "huh?"<br>
- > "daddy! what did you call me here for?!" her father was absentminded sometimes.<br>
- > "Ah! Well, can't a father see how his darling daughter is? I just
  wanted to know how you were....."<br>
- > Zelda became instantly suspicious then. She loved her father very much, but as king, he rarely had time to speak to his daughter and if and when he ever did, it was usually something of great importance. <br/>
  importance.
- > "I'm fine daddy" <br>
- > "Oh....thats good. Im happy to hear that" <br>
- > ".....was there anything else you called me for, daddy?"<br>
- > The king was at a loss. This was an awkward and perplexing situation for the old man. He had been a leader, he knew how to work the masses, speak to the crowd, and deal diplomacy with other rulers... but for the life of him, he hadn't the slightest idea on how to ralate to is own daughter. He loved the girl with all his heart, she was his only child and the only thing he had to remember of his beloved wife. All he did was to make everything wonderful for her, the world a better place for her to live in.....but to be a father was something more foreign to him than any Gerudo bureaucrat.<br/>
  br>
- > "It has been brought to my attention that you have been conducting
  yourself in a....umm....how to put this....inproper manner
  again....."<br/>
- > "daddy!"<br>
- > "Just try to be more lady-like ...... you are a princess after
  all. You could learn alot from the visiting count's daughter Milla's
  example....."<br>
- > "uuuughh...."<br>>

- > "yes daddy." She rolled her eyes again as her father kissed her on the head and motioned her in the direction of the door.  $\langle br \rangle$

- > <br/>
  Nilla wandered the castle grounds for a while on the way to her quarters, taking in the exquisitely carved statues and marble water fountains, and eating some of the food that was always left around in the dining room.
- > <br/>
  Nilla had never had many real friends, so she had always been a very shy little girl, and never really stood out besides her piercing green eyes and a distinctive birthmark on her back, in the middle of where the shoulders meet the neck. Being a noble daughter of a count and countess, she never had much chance to be with other children her age, but she liked that just fine. She enjoyed the company of the many maids, and servants of the manor she lived in, and reading the many old sheikan books her mother had around in their great library. Her mother, having been distantly related to the ancient race of the sheika, had a vast collection of old sheikan literature and felt a need to learn about them as much as she could. Milla had been much the same way and felt a strange compulsion to read the seemingly endless volumes and volumes of old books.

  > <br/>
  > When Milla met Zelda she was 10, she had taken a liking to her very guickly and eagerly wanted to impress her but she got the
- very quickly and eagerly wanted to impress her, but she got the feeling that the princess hadn't really wanted much to do with her. Zelda was much more rebellious and a tomboy, while She herself was shy and didn't really enjoy the things Zelda like to do. She would try to cooperate and try out new things, but it just wasn't enough to please her "friend".
- > <br/>She was feeling quite depressed after Zelda had played the cruel joke on her earlier that day, and it seemed after that, that Zelda was the one who was angered by it, and gave her the cold shoulder for most of the day. She had still liked Zelda, in spite of it, but started to realize that they were just too different to ever be friends.
- > <br/>She'd come to one of the castle courtyards and decided to take a rest for a while. She had sat down on the edge of one of the water fountains, when she had noticed a tall cloaked man wandering around the grounds, looking a bit confused.
- > <br>
- > "Are you lost, sir?"<br>>
- > "Get lost, kid", Replied the cloaked man, in an irritated tone. He continued to search around the courtyard aimlessly. <br>
- > "You don't have to be such a jerk, did you lose something? can I
  help you look?"<br/>
- > "HEY!.....I said BEAT IT!!!!" He grabbed her arm and pulled a dagger
  out of his cloak but before he could strike the girl started to
  scream for help. The scream startled him, and he threw her back
  against the wall, hard.<br>>
- > "Oh shit!" he whispered to himself and began to look around franticly and then back down at the girl. Her head was bleeding a little, but she would be just fine. He got notice of something that looked like a tattoo on her neck. He kneeled down and pushed her black hair, now matted with blood, out of the way for a closer look but heard the castle guards coming his way and darted out of the vicinity, to safety before he was spotted.<br/>
- > <br/>
  Impa could never really stomach the guards around the castle. It wasn't all hylian soldiers in general, just the castle guards. Impa was protector of the royal family of Hyrule and would have to fight along side them, she respected them well. All of the soldiers had great respect for her too, she was an excellent fighter, One of the only non Gerudo female warriors of that time, and the last full blooded sheikan alive. The only thing that really vexed her was, the

soldiers with the most significant jobs in all of Hyrule were among some of the most incompetent soldiers in Hyrule also. She patrolled the marble floored corridors of the castle deep in thought until her boredom induced trance was interrupted by two guards running towards her.

- > <br> " IMPA!!.....there.....whoo.....found'ja!"
- > <br > Impa looked down with a look of confusion on her face at the exhausted and overweight struggle to catch his breath and the skinnier one bounding down the hallway over to him.
- > <br> "Yes?"
- > <br> "need....help"
- > <br/>She was almost alarmed at his reply until the skinnier one butted in.
- > <br> "Me an him. We has a bet. Why's does youz got white hair?"
- > <br> "WHAT?"
- > <br > "I think ya bleach it, but that clod ova there say ya's just
  old."
- > <br> "You incompetent fool! If you ever bother me with such frivolous non-sense again ill cut off your-"
- > <br>
- > KYAHHHHHHHHHhhh-<br>
- > Impa looked up and knocked the little man who was still trying to catch his breath tumbling over into his partner. <br/> <br/> catch his breath tumbling over into his partner. <br/> <br/>
- > "HEY!!! Where is you goin?! We's still gotta bet! "<br>
- > <br/>br> By the time the two guards had reached Impa again, she was standing over the helpless girl as the two guards rushed in knocking each other over. Impa looked up, looking quite irritated with their incompetence.
- > <br> the taller one stood up, trying to regain his composure.
- > <br> "What's going on here?"
- > <br/>
  Impa paid no mind, as she was preoccupied with a strange finding of a tattoo on the young countesses' neck. Arcane symbols, some almost like writing. Old Sheikan writing.
- > <br>
- > "never mind that, just search for who did this, instead of just slacking off all day" <br>
- > <br>
- > <br>
- > <pont>

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